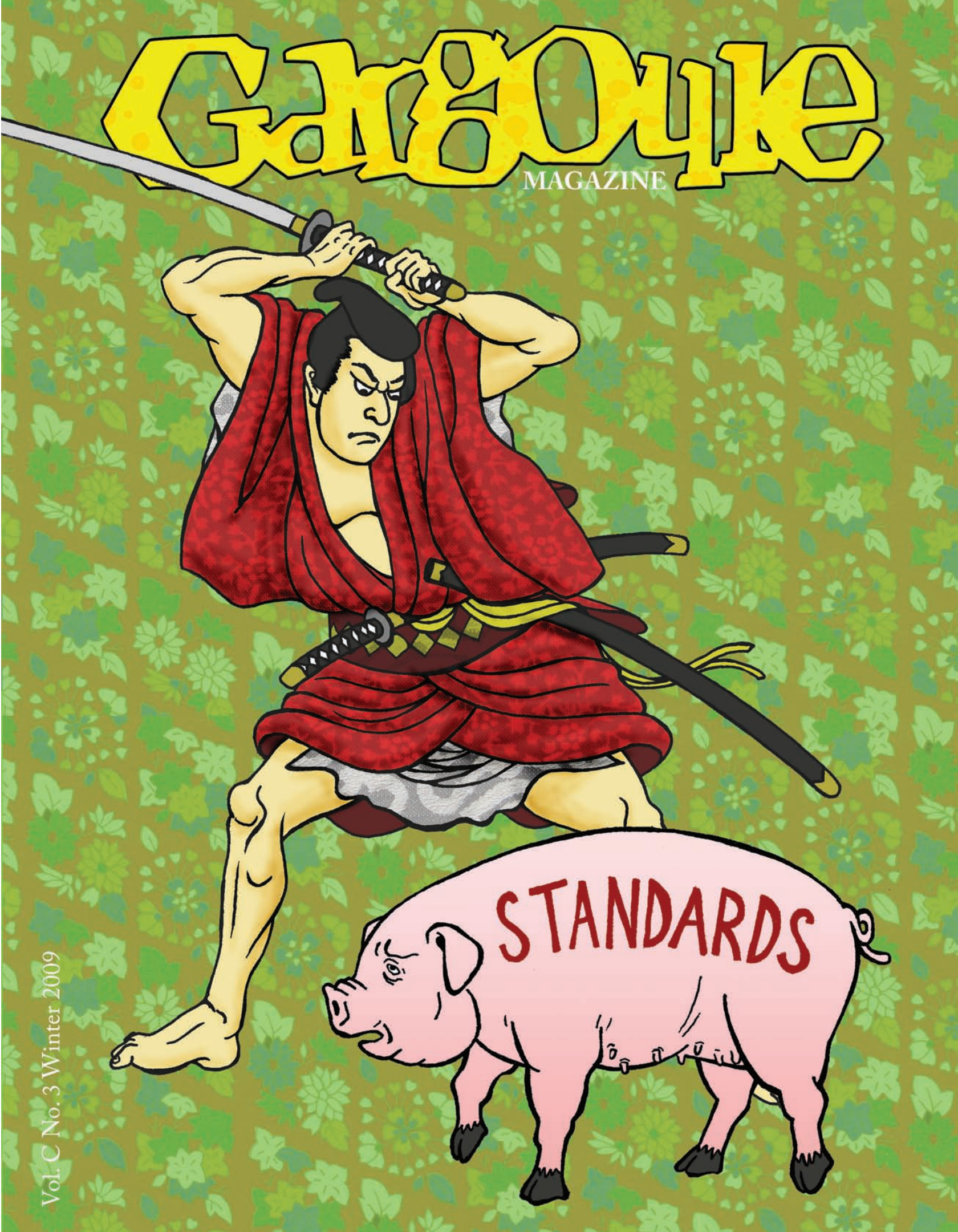
GargOyle

MAGAZINE



Vol. C No. 3 Winter 2009

GarGOyle BRAND MAGAZINE

Volume C, Number 3 Winter 2009

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It's Not Easy Being RED

Philosophy

By
Cathy

It's a curious thing, putting together a magazine. Even more curious is putting together a magazine when all of its staffers are more worried about passing their classes than making said magazine look nice (which is simply ridiculous, in this writer's humble opinion). That said, the Garg has been doing pretty well for itself lately. If you're reading this, chances are you read our last issue, which was more widely read than any we've released for the past few years.

So, naturally, in response to that we have decided to make this issue an enormous let down. Yes, you might have noticed that according to the disappointingly uninspired front cover, the Gargoyle is slashing its standards. We hate to be predictable, and making a magazine at least as good as the previous one would be just what you would expect.

What will you find in this decidedly sub-par issue? Well, we have a boring and silly article about U.S. presidents, a sort of aimless and confused account of our interview with Mason Proper, an unoriginal rip-off of the popular LOLcats internet meme, some marginally amusing comics, and a variety of other things that will probably let you down.

I had some other things to say in this Philosophy, but it struck me just now that it's shaping up to be at least an average Philosophy, if not a good one. In an attempt to bring it down to the level of the rest of this issue's contents, therefore, I'm going to stop writing and fill the rest of the page with some decorative lines.

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://www.gargmag.com/

Dear whatever creature you are,

I loved your magazine 'till I put it in my bathroom for my reading pleasure while I'm doing a lot of "thinking." I thought it would be superb to wipe my holy ass with pages of your magazine last week when I ran out of toilet paper. But guess what? The cheap ink you use decided to rub off on my bottom. I've decided to take this case to court, and my lawyer said I've a good chance of winning since you did not have a warning anywhere in your magazine about using it in the bathroom. See you in court, amigos.

—Colorful Ass

Dear Ass,

First off, great choice for bathroom reading material! That was the initial focus of the magazine back in 1909, when it was founded. And good guess on the cost of the ink! Unfortunately there is no foundation for your charges that would hold up in a court of law. See the Liebeck case for reference. McDonald's coffee cups don't warn against loading a bidet with hot coffee, but no one can sue them for that. You simply can't prepare for every eventuality. So basically you can go screw yourself, using our magazine for cleanup if you so choose.

Kiss kiss,
The Garg

Dear Gargoyle,

Over the past week, my place of residence has become infested with a particularly nasty species of green land crab. I was fine with it when they knew their place (keeping their gurgles quiet at night and ending conversations to scuttle into the corner when I entered the room) but of late they have become quite aggressive. I can't count the number of times I've woken in the middle of the night to find one of the little buggers trying to make off with a particularly juicy toe. I feel like I'm living on Wall Street! (Excuse the digression, but when the going gets tough sometimes nigh-nonsensical poli-economic humor is the only thing that keeps me peppy.)

More to the point, I was doing some research and discovered that land crabs are a favorite delicacy of gargoyles. As such, I was hoping you might be able to suggest some particularly efficient methods for trapping them and, if possible, torturing them for what they did to my roommate. (He can't even face himself in the mirror anymore.) Please hurry, I feel like John McCain at the merciless hands of the Viet Crustacean!

Thank you,
Crabby in Ann Arbor

Dear Crabby,

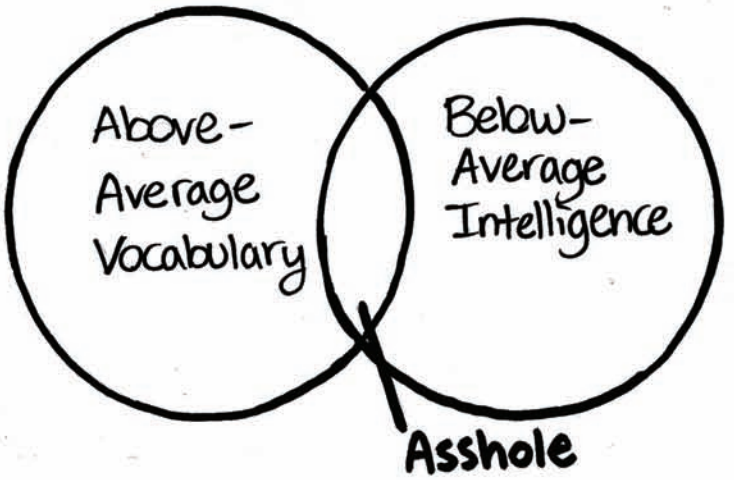
Crab infestation is a serious problem indeed, and you came to the right place. In the issue of catching them, the board game Mouse Trap actually doubles as a very efficient green land crab trap. If you read the directions for the game, it details this in small print at the bottom of the third page. Make sure your game is in working condition, and leave a pinch of nutmeg underneath the red cage. Those buggers go crazy for nutmeg. As for torture, you were correct in your estimation that gargoyles prey on green land crabs. Simply place the caged crabs in front of the TV during an animated "Gargoyles" rerun marathon, and they will quickly lose their minds. Hope this helps, and keep a close eye on your toes in case of re-infestation.

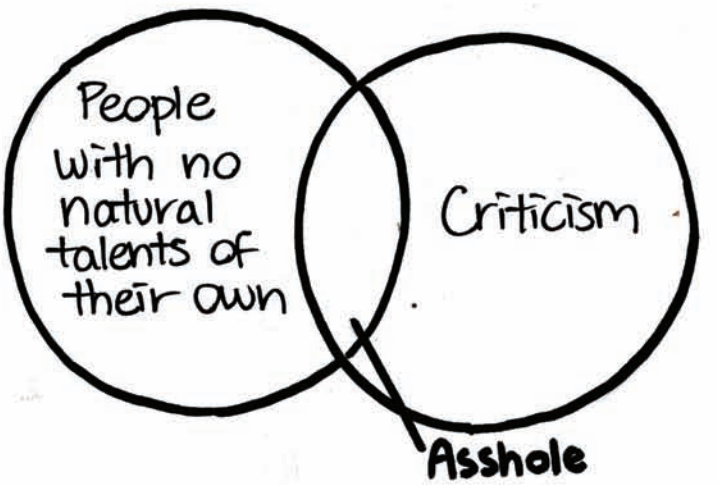
Good luck!
The Garg

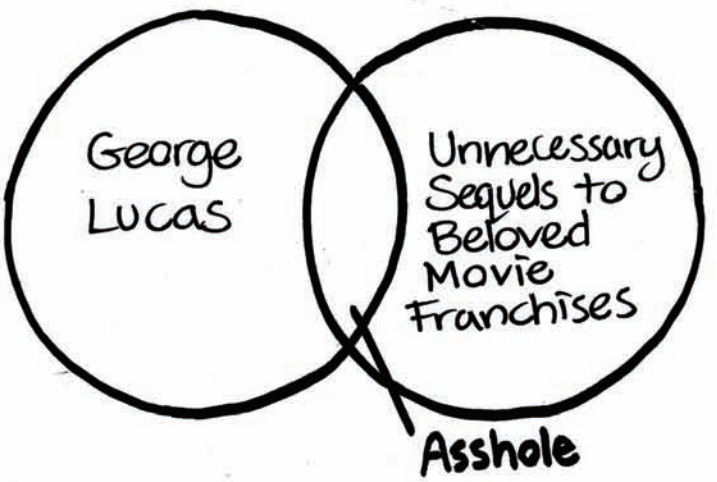
Unfortunately, amidst the madness of making this issue, we lost a comic entitled "Exact Change Girl" sent to us by an anonymous reader in East Quad. Sorry, Anonymous! We'll keep looking for it.
-Ed.

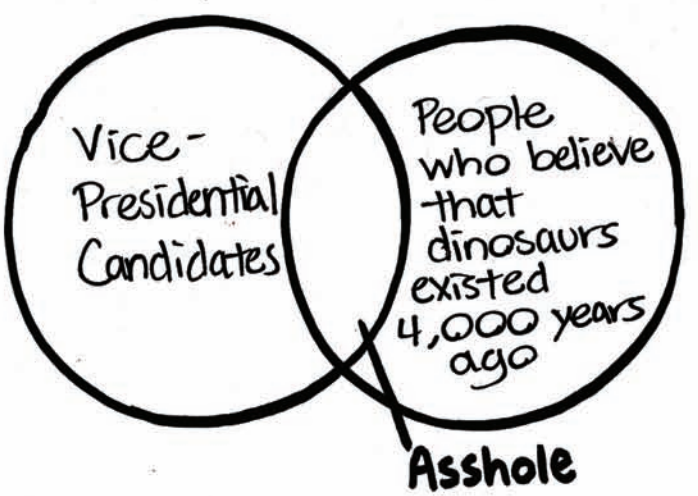
Venn Assholes

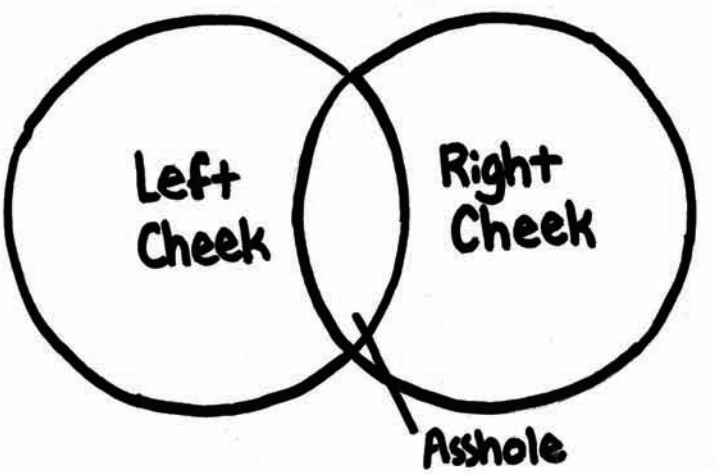
By The Jaw











Suspicions About My Friend

By Chris Kozminski

I noticed it the day after Halloween. He didn't remove his bulbous red nose. I should have realized it before, I mean, what with the all the signs. He always received invitations to five-year-olds' birthday parties, which made me think he was either part of an outreach program or someone who would eventually get busted on Dateline. Then there were the balloon animals. All this mounting evidence made me suspicious of him being a sex addict.

However, one major thing that changed my perspective was how he dressed on Saturdays for home games. He wore face paint but not our school colors. He spent hours in front of the mirror getting ready, dabbing white makeup on his forehead and cheeks and putting red around his mouth and nose. All of this preparation and I never saw him at any of the games.

There was this one time I thought I saw him in a picture in the newspaper of a local birthday party which had been overtaken by honeybees. Thinking that my friend was a clown instead of a sex addict should have put me at ease, but the mere thought scared the hell out of me. I'm coulrophobic. When I was a child, I saw a Jack in the Box ad on television. I suffered for weeks from nightmarish dreams about that spherical white head. I never ate a Jumbo Jack again. So yesterday, I got up the nerve to confront my friend about his secret life.

I anxiously asked him face-to-face, "Are… are you a clown?"

He didn't respond, but turned around and started text messaging. Instantly, I received a message on my phone reading, "IM NO CLOWN. IM A MIME."

His text message calmed my irrational fear. Then it occurred to me—that was the reason why he never responded when I asked him to help me shave the hair on my lower back.

Giraffe Librarian

GARGOYLE

North vs. South

Evolution vs. Intelligent Design Creationism

Pop vs. Soda

Bloods vs. Crips

Tom vs. Jerry

Legos vs. K'nex

Man vs. Nature

Stalin vs. Trotsky

Good vs. Evil

Good Cop vs. Bad Cop

Hatfield vs. McCoy

London vs. Paris

Sammy Hagar vs. David Lee Roth

Redford vs. Newman

Chicken vs. Egg

Coke vs. Pepsi

~~Israel~~ HELL NO vs. Palestine

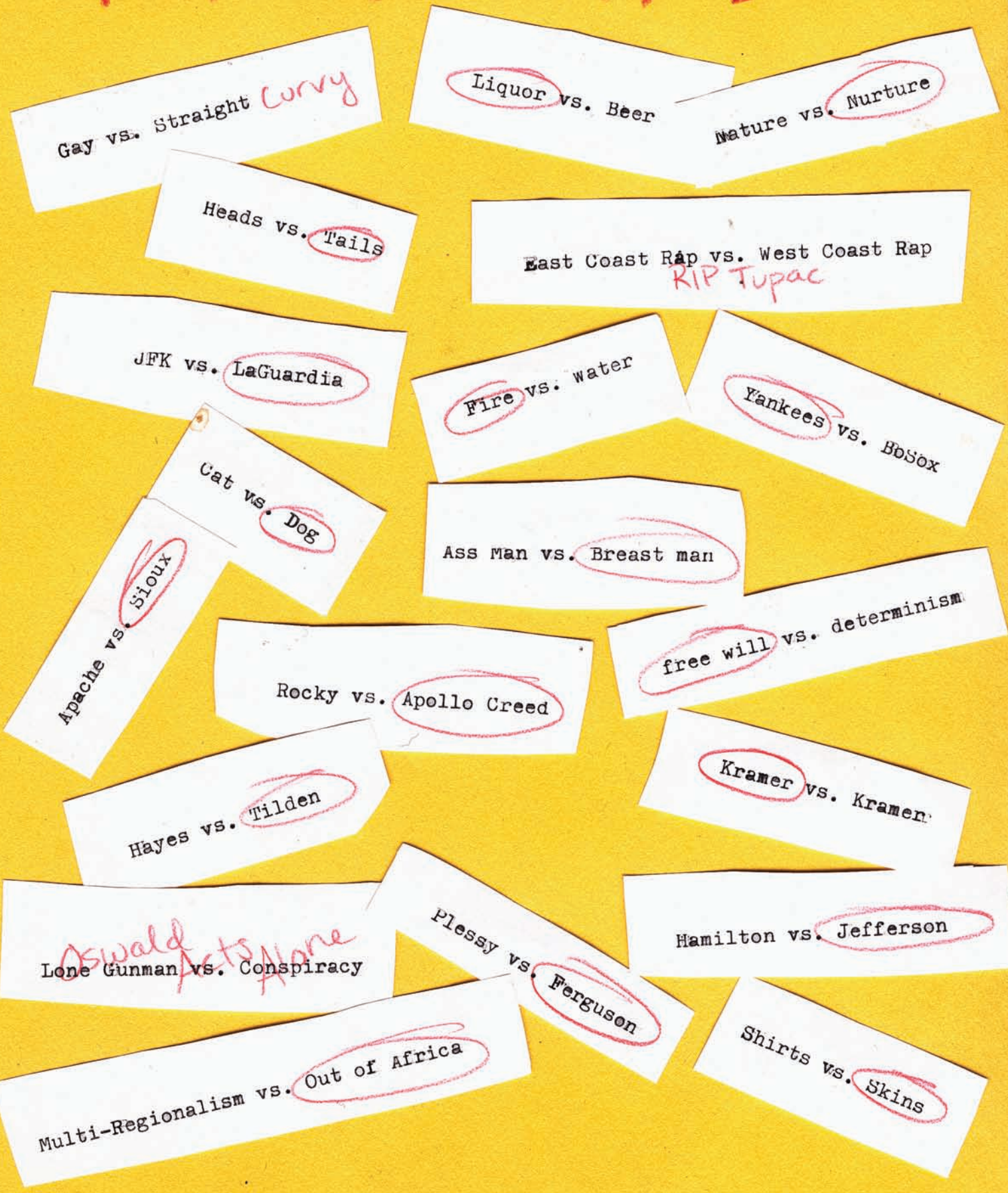
Marvel vs. Capcom

Newton vs. Liebniz

Jimmy Stewart vs. Cary Grant

Spy vs. Spy (Black)

TAKES SIDES


Gay vs. Straight
Curvy
Liquor vs. Beer
Nature vs. Nurture
Heads vs. Tails
East Coast Rap vs. West Coast Rap
RIP Tupac
JFK vs. LaGuardia
Fire vs. water
Yankees vs. BoSox
Cat vs. Dog
Apache vs. Sioux
Ass Man vs. Breast man
free will vs. determinism
Rocky vs. Apollo Creed
Hayes vs. Tilden
Kramer vs. Kramer
Lone Gunman vs. Conspiracy
Oswald Acts Alone
Plessy vs. Ferguson
Hamilton vs. Jefferson
Multi-Regionalism vs. Out of Africa
Shirts vs. Skins

"J to tha E-H"

A Bomb-Ass Track by God

Once upon a time, for all eternity,
there ruled a badass mutha-fuckin' deity.
The alpha, the omega, with tha capital "G,"
The omnipresent, gangsta-leanin', hardcore ME.

Universally omniscient with tha' skills to rock,
I'm all-seeing, all-knowing, plus I carry a Glock.
You best be keepin' My Commandments; you don't wanna test,
'Cuz My skills can boil oceans and My bullets is blessed.

Like this one time I'z peacin' it up in my cloud,
St. Peter passin' Cristal and the blow around,
When my chief-of-wrath Gabe shouts "Numba three!"
Well it sounds like some muthafuckin' heresy.

Where's this punk-ass tryin'-a interrupt my Sabbath day?
Gabe told Me "At the temple," I'z was on my way.
So I roll up on tha synagogue with fire and flames, sayin'
"Who's the mortal bitch that used my name in vain?"

And out of the crowd walks this little kid.
He meekly raises his hand and squeaks "I think I did,
We were playin' tag and I said 'God is great.'"
"BITCH, I'M THE GREATEST!"—I exploded his face.

Next I rained retribution on his piss-hole town,
Flash-floods, lightning, fires, people burnin' and drowned.
The local priests prayin' for the carnage to halt,
And so I froze their monkey-asses like some pillars a' salt.

'Cuz I'm J to tha' E-H, O to tha' V-A,
I be pimpin' scripture since "Original Sin" days.
My crew will bring the winged haloed choir of quickness
And if you ask Me 'bout the Second Coming:
Ain't yo' bid-ness.

See when I step up in tha place it's
volcanoes eruptin',
earthquakes rumblin',
mountainsides tumblin',
empires crumblin',
eclipsin' suns,
and the river's blood
and a pair-a-nines bustin',
and them sinners runnin'.

Call me Allah, Om, I AM, or Mister Big Nuts,
My ministry will cripple you like leprosy does.
I got My people grindin' all across the globe,
Preachin' sermons in tha streets while wearin' pimp-ass robes.

Like My lady Magdalene—she'll make yo' staff a serpent,
My main man Moses parts yo' skull like curtains,
Simon Pete will cut you like he's butcherin' cattle,
And leave you more muddled than the Tower a' Babel.

I ain't got any time for no silly rabbits,
Got gangsta-nuns that all got some killa' habits.
I'm a jealous God comin' with a world of pain,
Won't hesitate to hit you with that fiery rain.

'Cuz I'm J to tha E-H, O to tha V-A,
I be pimpin' scripture since "Original Sin" days.
My crew will bring the winged haloed choir of quickness,
And if you ask Me 'bout the Second Coming:
Ain't yo bid-ness.

SAFE COOL....
I am so ugly, different and UNCOOL.
Poof!
o WOW! a magic genie lamp!
I shall grant you three wishesss
Oh Man! I know EXACTLY what I want! this is easy.....
Northface Brand JACKET!
UGG Brand Boots!
Northface Brand BACKPACK!
TA DA!
wow...why did you waste your wishes on such stupid things?
'Cause now everyone that looks like me is my FRIEND!
Rose Jaffe

I don't know how to smile.

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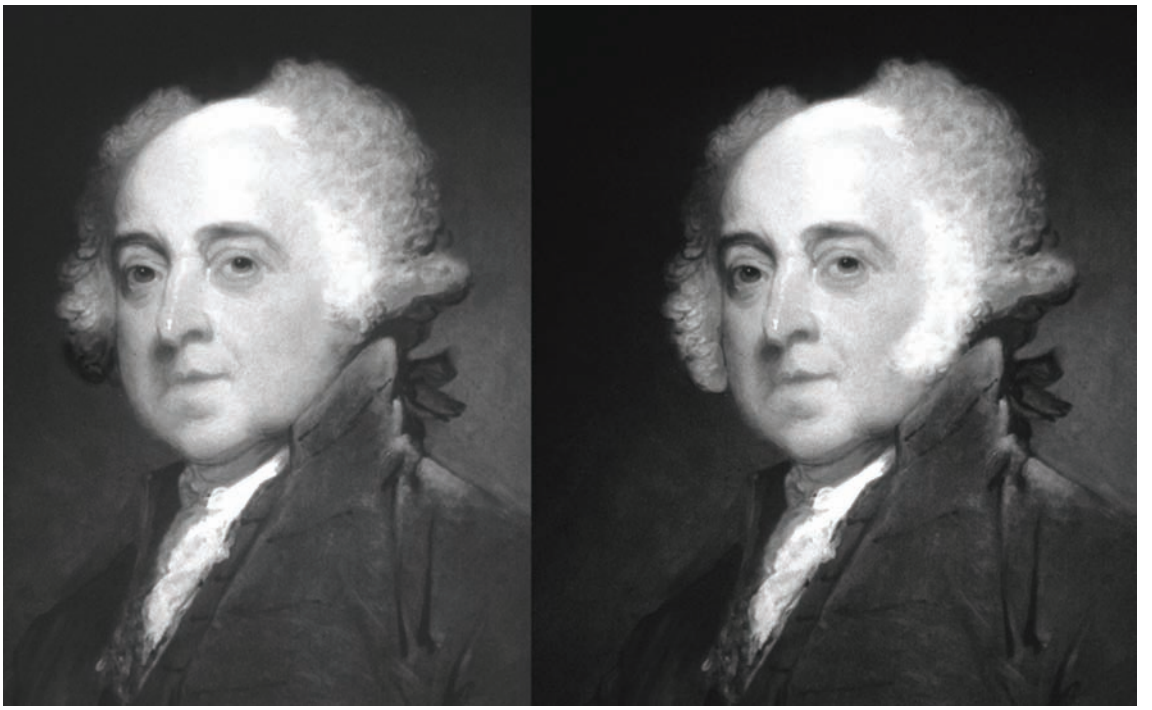
Presidential Secrets...Exposed!

By Cathy Fisher

You've heard all the conspiracy theories—U.S. Presidents are controlled by the Freemasons; they are concealing the reality of alien visits from the public; they have a mysterious secret phone line that can call the future; and they only wear underwear in months that contain the letter R. All of these are true, of course, but what of their personal secrets? Each of our presidents, believe it or not, was a distinct and unique person (except, of course, for John Quincy Adams, who was really just John Adams with sideburns). Here are just a few things you didn't know about the presidents you know (or knew in eighth grade) and love (or feel complete disinterest towards).



Left: John Adams Right: John Quincy Adams

George Washington (1789-97)

Most of our first president's secrets are fairly well known. But I bet you didn't know that he owned a Lhasa Apso named "Alexander Hamilton."

John Adams (1797-1801)

See: John Quincy Adams.

Thomas Jefferson (1801-09)

Notorious for his delicate nerves, Jefferson spent much of the revolution and our country's youth having pranks played on him by his fellow Founding Fathers. The most famous of these pranks was when John Adams slipped a passage into the Declaration of Independence just before it was sent to King George that read as follows:

> *…and the humble writer of this Declaration, a Mr. Thomas Jefferson would beg Your Highness to kick him with the greatest expedience, as he is a fiend who smells of rotten vegetables and violates swine for sport.*

This was the beginning of a bitter enmity between the two that lasted for most of their lives and compelled Jefferson to invent the swivel chair, Lazy Susan, and other objects that might confuse Adams by spinning. These measures were, however, largely unsuccessful.

James Madison (1809-17)

Madison's white, powdered, perfectly coiffed hair wasn't a wig; it was real.

James Monroe (1817-25)

Monroe was our first gay president.

John Quincy Adams (1825-29)

Contrary to popular belief, he was not John Adams' son, but rather John Adams himself. Adams' extraordinarily long lifespan is generally attributed to long walks and daily masturbation.

Andrew Jackson (1829-37)

He proposed the ill-fated six dollar bill.

Martin Van Buren (1837-41)

Van Buren, our first Dutch president, wore wooden clogs at all times and as a child had long, blond hair.

William Henry Harrison (March 1841-April 1841)

The illness that led to his "demise" soon after his inauguration was not pneumonia, but rather a gradual descent into vampir-

ism after being bitten by what was assumed to be a disgruntled Democratic-Republican opponent. Harrison lives on as a vampire known as "Darian."

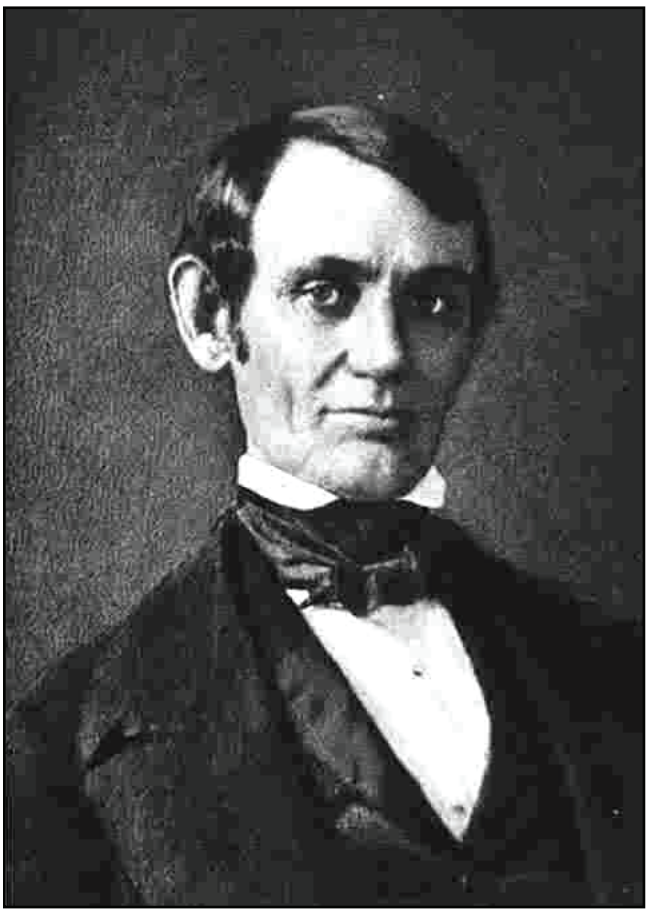
John Tyler (1841-45)
John Tyler did nothing of interest.

James K. Polk (1845-49)
Polk was unique in his obsession with the octopus. He felt it was the "most noble beast of the sea" and owned dozens of them over his lifetime.

Zachary Taylor (1849-50)
Taylor's presidency was also cut short by tragedy, as he was devoured by his Vice President, Millard Fillmore, little more than a year into his first term.

Millard Fillmore (1850-53)
Fillmore was notorious for his sudden hunger attacks, during which he would uncontrollably devour everything in sight. Upon regaining his sense after devouring Taylor, he is said to have looked at his blood-covered visage in the mirror and, realizing what he had done, wept for the duration of his presidency, wracked with self-loathing.

Franklin Pierce (1853-1857)
Franklin Pierce wore rudimentary contact lenses.



Shaveraham Lincoln

James Buchanan (1857-61)
Buchanan was our second gay president.

Abraham Lincoln (1861-65)
History has canonized the image of Lincoln with his trademark beard and stovepipe hat, but did you know that following a tragic accident in which his hat was tragically destoved, Lincoln shaved his beard and became "Shaveraham Lincoln?" In one speech, Shaveraham famously declared "In these darkest of times, when brother has turned against brother, friend against friend, when our nation has been torn asunder, how can I presume to grant my face the comfort and security of a beard? You see before you my sorrow and grief laid as bare as my chin."

Andrew Johnson (1865-69)
Like Andrew Jackson, but different.

Ulysses S. Grant (1869-77)
The "S" stands for strangulation, a reference to Grant's predilection for strangling Southerners, which is largely how the Civil War was won. What you *don't* know is that Grant was actually the puppet of his first Vice President, Schuyler Colfax, Jr., after whom New Jersey was named.

Rutherford B. Hayes (1877-81)
The "B" didn't actually stand for anything, Hayes was just jealous of Grant's middle initial.

James A. Garfield (March 1881-September 1881)
Another middle initial wannabe. After his assassination, Garfield's middle initial was appropriated by his successor, Chester A. Arthur.

Chester A. Arthur (1881-85)
Due to a childhood accident, Arthur had a debilitating fear of stairs that severely limited his ability to move about the White House.

Grover Cleveland (1885-89)
Cleveland had a long career as a spy and master of disguise before becoming president, and often disappeared for long periods of time before mysteriously reappearing. He did this, rather than running for re-election, after his first term was over.

Benjamin Harrison (1889-93)
Throughout his time in office, Harrison was plagued by a mysterious voice that criticized his every move and followed him around the White House. By the end of four years, he was a nervous wreck and refused to run again.

Grover Cleveland (1893-97)
Cleveland easily regained the presidency after revealing that he had, in fact, been in the White House for the past four years, posing as a potted deer fern.

William McKinley (1897-1901)
McKinley was extremely virile and fathered over 200 children.

Theodore Roosevelt (1901-09)
Contrary to popular belief, Teddy Roosevelt was actually a small, thin, and sickly man who preferred to stay indoors. He had a very skilled and imaginative press secretary, however.

William Howard Taft (1909-13)
Taft once became lodged in a train car for 4 days before he could be greased sufficiently to slide free.

Woodrow Wilson (1913-21)
His famous Fourteen Points on how to prevent another debilitating war were actually initially Fifteen Points. The missing point was: "All should agree that the President of the United States should be given a special hat which designates his primacy in world relations and allows him to eat for free at all restaurants the world over."

Warren G. Harding (1921-23)
Created an official edict reestablishing the importance of the presidential middle initial.

Calvin Coolidge (1923-29)
He refused to take on a middle initial because he liked his name so much.

Herbert Hoover (1929-33)
Hoover chose a middle initial, but lost it in the stock market crash.

Franklin D. Roosevelt (1933-45)
"Agent D" was a secret merman spy. (See "Lesser-Known Wars of the Twentieth Century," Gargoyle Vol. XCVIII, No. 3.)

Harry S. Truman (1945-1953)
For years, the military used Truman as a kind of human superweapon. He was almost preternaturally skilled in the art of war. A common misconception is that two atomic bombs were dropped on Japan at the conclusion of World War Two. In fact, only one was dropped on Hiroshima. The population of Nagasaki was wiped out entirely by President Truman himself.

Dwight D. Eisenhower (1953-61)
Very few people who knew Ike actually liked him.

John F. Kennedy (1961-63)
The term "Camelot," describing Kennedy's short period in office was surprisingly apt. Kennedy was, in fact, a descendant of King Arthur and once pulled a golden fountain pen out of a stone.

Lyndon B. Johnson (1963-69)
Johnson was not only sworn in on Air Force One, he actually lived on Air Force One, which remained in the air for the duration of his presidency.

Harry S. Truman slaughtering the population of Nagasaki

Richard Nixon (1969-74)
Nixon was a pretty nice guy once you got past his asshole exterior.

Gerald Ford (1974-77)
Ford was our first android president, built deep in the bowels of U of M's Engineering School.

Jimmy Carter (1977-81)
One night, on a lonely country road, Jimmy Carter murdered a young hitchhiker. He never told a soul and the boy's body was never found.

Ronald Reagan (1981-89)
Reagan ended the Cold War by recruiting a secret team of top scientists to create "Global Warming," which defrosted Russia just enough to cripple its Communist resolve.

George H. W. Bush (1989-93)
In an effort to outdo his predecessors, Bush Sr. took on two middle initials.

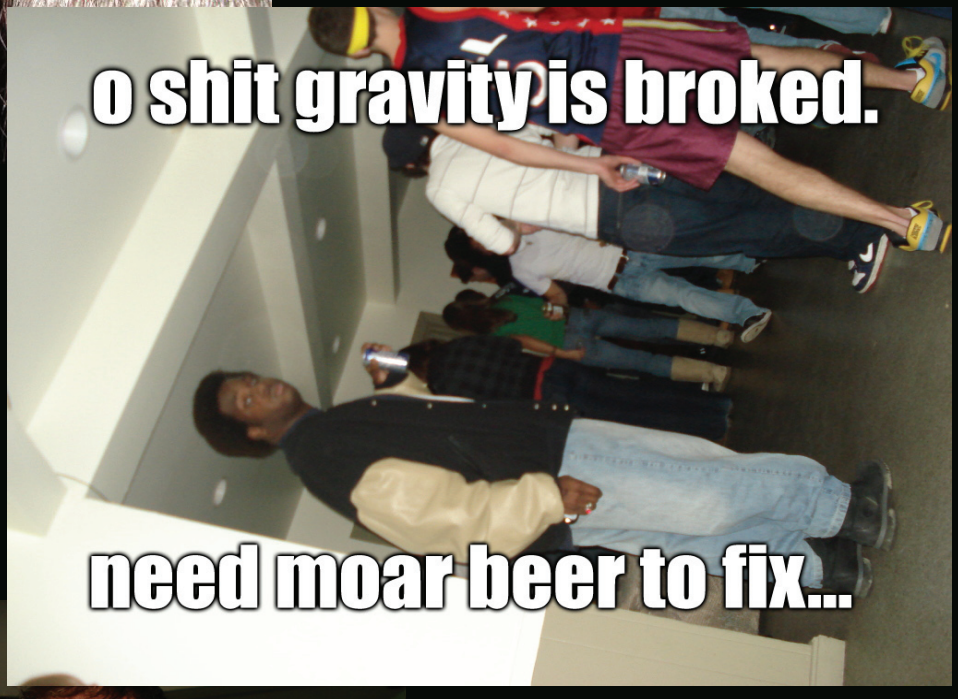
Bill Clinton (1993-2001)
Clinton has had sexual intercourse with over thirty world leaders, including Yasser Arafat and Roseanne Barr.

George W. Bush (2001-09)
Dubya is actually capable of speaking to animals, which is why he sometimes seems unaccustomed to speaking English.

Barack Obama (2009-?)
It's hard to say what interesting things Barry-O will do as president. This historian only hopes that Joe Biden does not give him rabies.

LOL frats

Photos by Nikita Desai and Brittany Bousamra
Captions by Austin Hensel, David Faulkner, and Josh Derke



oh noes nam
flasbakz...
...charlies
EVERYWHERE

Dey callz me...
Doktur B33R!!!111!!!

Dis party iz teh suxxors...
tiem 2 text 4 b00bies!1!1!

No Morning for Pancakes

By Peter Eldred

John entered the kitchen. It was breakfast time. He was hungry. He didn't want pancakes. Pancakes would destroy the rest of the morning. He'd have to take a nap after eating pancakes. There was no way in hell he'd be eating any fucking pancakes.

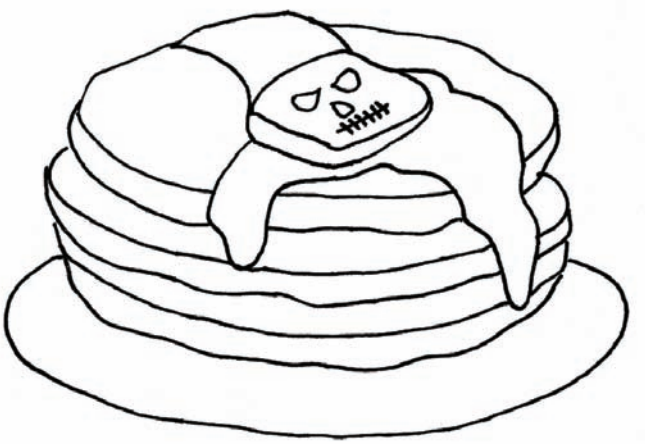
"What's for breakfast?" he inquired.

"How about pancakes?" suggested his wife Dolores.

"Sounds great."

Shit.

The kitchen seemed slightly off. Something strange. Something John couldn't quite place. Maybe it was the shotgun on the table. The shells were next to the toaster. Toast would have been better than pancakes. Cancer would have been better than pancakes. He'd rather have a malignant tumor than pancakes. One that talked. Like Kuato from *Total Recall*. But it wouldn't lead a rebellion. It would just bitch about pancakes. The tumor hated pancakes.



"Honey?" he began gingerly. Dolores turned her head. "Why is there a shotgun on the counter?"

"Hmm?"

"Right there. On the counter. There's a shotgun."

"Oh. I guess I hadn't noticed." She acknowledged absentmindedly. She was mixing the batter now. The instant kind. Just add water. The worst. Fucking pancakes.

"You didn't put it there?"

"Me? Of course not, dear. You know I don't find it sporting, hunting with guns. I only use a bow."

"What? You hunt?"

"Where did you think all the venison came from?"

"We have venison?"

"No."

"What?"

"I didn't say I hunted well."

"You said we had venison."

"I lied."

"What else have you lied about?"

"My name isn't Dolores."

"What?"

"It's Dolores."

"How is that any different?"

"There's a silent P."

"Where?"

"Oh, honey, it hardly matters. Do you want your toast?"

"I thought you were making pancakes."

"I changed my mind."

"Have I told you I loved you today?"

"Have I told you I'm still making pancakes?"

"I'm going to kill you."

"The gun's on the table."

"Can you pass me the shells?"

"Do you want the toast while I'm up?"

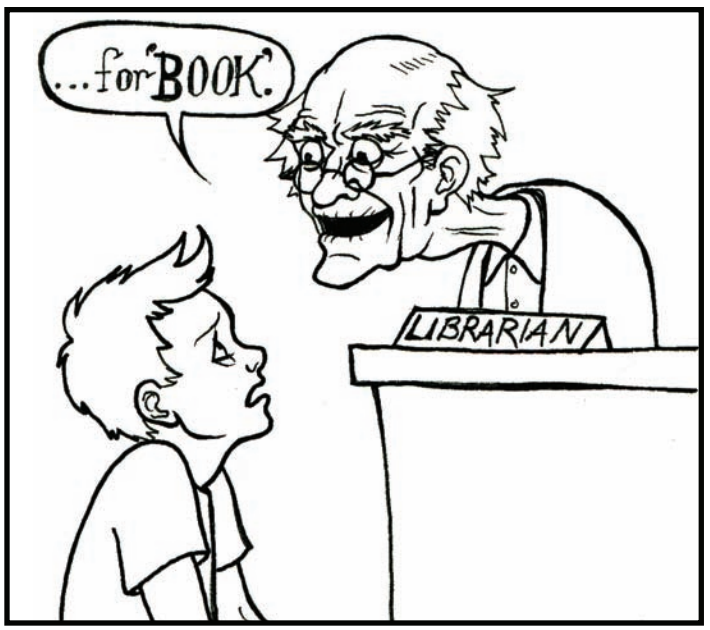
"Could you?"

"No. I didn't make any."

John loaded the gun. This was a morning that could have benefited greatly from toast. Or a singing tumor. Anything but pancakes. He took aim. Dolores's head exploded like a melon. A soft melon. Perhaps slightly rotten. Definitely not a watermelon, though. Her skin wasn't green.

The smoke detector chirped.

His pancakes were burning and bloody. Burnt pancakes weren't like burnt toast. One of the two tasted like shit. That one was pancakes. He always knew pancakes would be the end of him. The physical set-up would be bothersome and awkward. He'd do it anyways. That'd show those damn pancakes. John's head exploded like a grape. But bigger. And without seeds. But with skull fragments. Fruit would have been excellent. It would have gone splendidly with toast.



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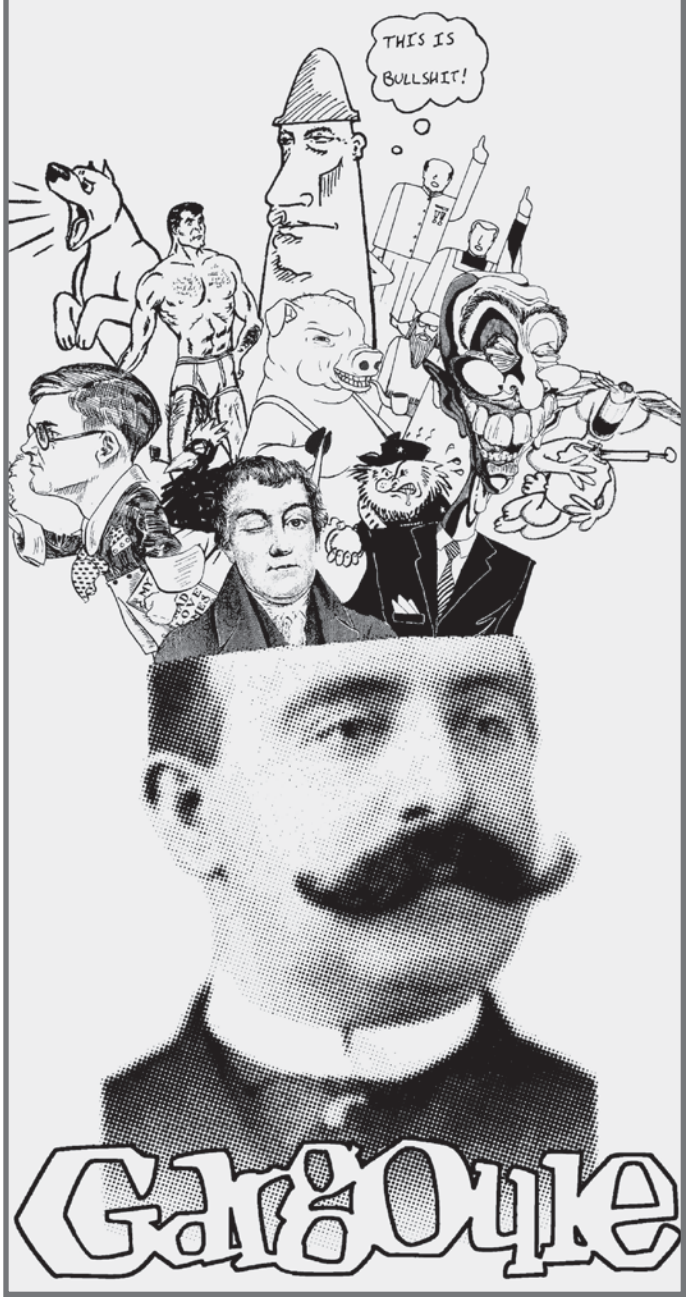
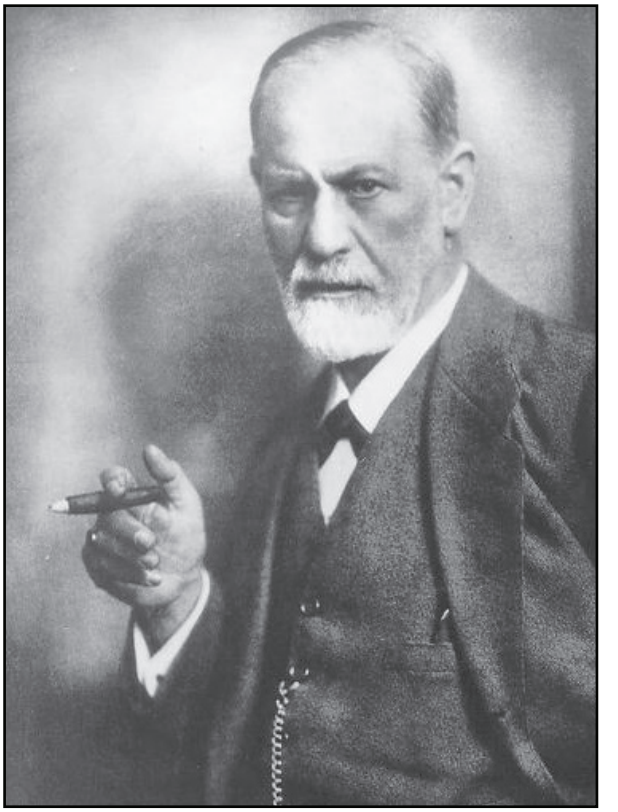


HIGH SCHOOL TOASTER
Alright LADIES, hit the SHOWERS.
!
B-but Coach!!
I'M SHY!!
I DON'T CARE!!
MAN, HIGH SCHOOL TOASTER IS SUCH A FAG.
FOR REAL.
BZZZZZT
P-Please don't look guys...
OK?
SSSSSS
ADRIAN
永新
CHOY

Ask Freud! By Nikita Desai



Dear Dr. Freud,

I don't know what to do or where else to go. I feel like I am so alone, all the time, every day. Even when I'm in a room full of people, my mind is isolated and empty. I try to get out more and talk to people, but I just end up going back home and crying myself to sleep. I have a lot of money and a good life otherwise, but I still don't feel like living. Please help me, Dr. Freud. What can I do to make myself a happy and well-liked person?

Sincerely,
Alone in Ann Arbor

Dear Alone,

I think I understand what your problem is, and I am here to tell you that there is an easy solution: crack. Yes, indeed, crack will make everything better. Crack cocaine is a widely used antidepressant and has shown remarkable results. Some bleeding from the nose and insomnia will occur, but these are risks you must be willing to take for your mental health. Acquiring said crack is also quite simple. Just go down to your local ghetto or farmer's market. Ask for "André" or (sometimes) "Konstantin."

Dear Dr. Freud,

I'm having some issues at home. I can never get along with my parents. They just don't understand me and my complicated emotions. I try telling them that I've grown up and matured, that I listen to Hawthorne Heights instead of the Backstreet Boys, but they won't listen. It's always "Go clean your room and do your homework!" or "Wear more clothes!" How can I get them to treat me like an adult and not fight with me?

Sincerely,
Tortured Young Teen

Dear Tortured,

First of all, you have terrible taste in music. While I could realistically say that this is the cause of your problems, I have another explanation. You have what I have coined as the "Oedipal complex." To put it simply, you have a sexual obsession with your parents and are unable to come to terms with this. It is okay, Tortured, everyone has the urge to engage in hot monkey sex with both of their parents at the same time. You need to talk to a psychiatrist who will help you realize that this is nothing more than an elaborately detailed fantasy. Just don't tell your parents. You must keep your feelings locked inside forever.

Dear Dr. Freud,

Normally I don't set much by dreams, since they're visions from the devil. But the weirdest thing happened to me last night. I dreamt that I was a giant purple fish swimming happily in the Pacific Ocean. Suddenly, I ran into a pile of rocks and a manatee picked me up in its mouth. We danced an elaborate Viennese waltz by candlelight as Bradley (the manatee) whispered sweet nothings into my ear. Then Bradley threw me up into the stars, and I floated back down to earth on a cloud of shoes. I woke up this morning licking my own foot in the biographical section of the public library. What do the dream and my actions mean, and do I need help?

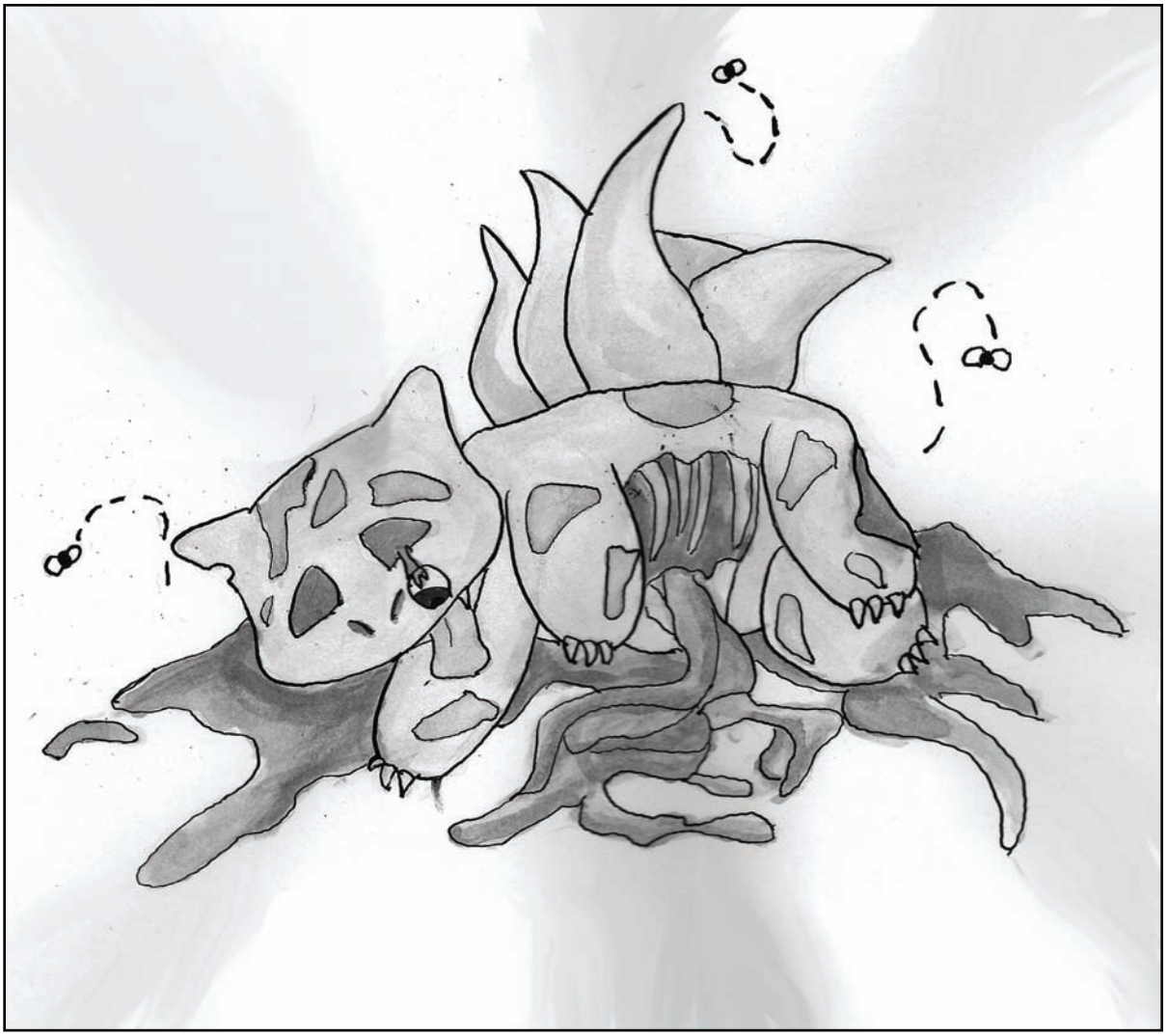
Sincerely,
Purple Fish

Dear Purple Fish,

You appear to present a classic case of id-suppression. Basically, the id is the pleasure center, and you are not experiencing enough pleasure in your life. I recommend having more sex with random strangers. You are also suffering from an overactive libido. A lack of sexual contact has clearly manifested itself through your dream. The candles are phallic symbols, and the manatee lover demonstrates your sexual urges towards manatees, preferably of the Viennese disposition. The licking of your foot also shows that you have regressed to a stage in which you are orally fixated on noteworthy historical figures, such as Taino marine biologists. Your entirely bizarre dream is thus the product of being a sexually repressed homosexual. I would advise seeking help immediately from a licensed Heterosexualist.

A Pokémon Adventure!

By Natalie Voss



"Happy tenth birthday, you little shit. Get your stuff and get out."

I quailed under my mom's fierce gaze. Desperate tears squeezed out of my eyes as I wandered about the room, picking up my backpack and a small parcel of food. "B-but, Mom… Do I have to go?"

I could barely utter the words before I was chased to the front door and booted out onto the front porch.

"I don't want to hear from you until you've made something of yourself!" My mom shouted as she slammed the door shut.

Picking myself up physically and mentally, I shouldered my belongings and headed for the center of town. I finally reached the crumbling, decrepit lab building there and, taking a steadying breath, went inside. Immediately upon entry, I spied the owner of the building laboring intensely over the dead and mutilated body of some no longer recognizable creature. The floor was slick with blood and gore, and it was only when I fell clumsily to the ground that the owner noticed me. He made for a devilish sight, with his white lab coat turned crimson and a dull, evil glint in his eye.

Gruffly he said, "I know what you're here for. They're over in the corner. Get one and get out, if you know what's good for you. Oh, and sorry, but there's only two left," he grinned widely, gesturing to the body on the table.

With one last lecherous look, he turned back

to the creature and resumed cutting away at it with ardent enthusiasm. Swallowing down the bile that rose in my throat, I scrambled over to the corner and blindly grabbed for the first red and white sphere I laid my eyes on. Then I ran for the door, slipping up once or twice, but determined to escape.

Once outside, I pulled a out my map and decided which direction to leave the town, and began walking. An hour later, I had climbed a tall hill at the edge of the village's property. I briefly thought about trying to live on the outskirts of the town limits, stealing food from markets and hoping my mom would eventually take me in again. I scrapped the notion. I knew it was a foolhardy thought. I wouldn't last long if I didn't make it to another town, and my mother was done with me. I was ten, after all.

After a few hours of half-hearted walking, I looked up and noticed storm clouds gathering.

Shit, I thought, *I'd better set up camp.* I pitched a hasty tent, too slow to avoid the first outburst of rain, and settled in, teeth chattering, for my first night in the wilderness. There would be many more to come, I knew. And that was if I was one of the lucky ones. I slept fitfully, hearing strange noises all around me, and painfully aware of the constant cold that seeped into my bones. When it was light out, I ate a small breakfast, broke up camp, and started again on my way. I thought about letting whatever was inside the sphere out, but I then remembered stories of the dangerous creatures that would attack you as soon as look at you, even the ones you owned. I decided against it. Better let it out only if I was in trouble, and then pray it goes for my enemy instead of myself.

Two weeks passed and I hadn't reached the next city. I knew if I stumbled upon a mirror, I would be met with a fearful sight. My food supply was gone and had been for some time. I was trying desperately to live on the sharp apples and questionable mushrooms that were my only valid options in the forest around me. I wasn't sure where I had gotten turned around, but I was certain that I was horribly lost and had only a limited amount of time available to reverse that condition. An undefined but palpable fear filled me every time I neared a patch of tall grass, so I avoided them as much as possible. Not for the first time, I caught myself wishing I didn't live in such a harsh world. I hardly felt capable of tackling such a big adventure.

At that moment, I heard a scuffle in the bushes next to me. The daylight was fading fast, and I noticed how active the forest creatures were at this time. I backed away swiftly, but not swift enough. A giant, rat-like creature came hurtling out of the bushes and landed on my chest, throwing me to the ground and knocking the breath out of me. I took deep, painful gasps of air, and my mind raced, trying to find a way out of the situation. The creature looked enraged. Quickly, I reached to my backpack and pulled out the sphere I'd picked up at the lab a little over two weeks ago. This was the moment.

Man, I thought, *I hope this thing is on my side. It's my only chance.*

Hitting the button on the front, there was a flash of green light, and then a putrid smell filled the forest clearing. A large, decaying lump of a creature was lying on the ground before me, hollow sockets where the eyes should have been. I recoiled, and barely turned to the side fast enough to avoid vomiting on myself. The thing must have been dead for a month, its body in advanced stages of decay. The rat-creature had been startled for a moment, but soon collected itself and raced towards me.

So this is how it ends for me, I thought dully. *But I wanted to be the very best.* Now I could hardly bring myself to care.

The rodent flashed his long, bright teeth at me before sinking them deep into my thigh. With a howl of agony, I attempted to pull the creature off of me. After a minute's intense struggle, it came free, taking a large portion of my leg with it. I blacked out for a moment, coming to just as it went for my throat. I feebly brought my arms up to block it, but it scratched them away. The image of a rat-like face filled my vision before I felt a deep wound in my neck. The pain was beyond anything I'd experienced, but only a harsh rasping could escape my throat.

As rivers of blood flowed from my mangled esophagus, I thought bitterly, *My courage won't pull me through this one. I guess it's my destiny.*

I coughed spastically and blood gurgled out of my mouth. The rat-creature was frenzied. It was biting half-heartedly at what came out of the sphere I threw, but I knew it would be back for me. Fresh blood was hard to resist.

My vision swam and a clear thought suddenly popped into my head: *You know, the Poké World isn't all it's cracked up to be.*

PARTY *like the* GARGOYLE

By Adrian Choy and David Faulkner

If you've been on campus long enough, you know that the Gargoyle hosts some pretty wild parties. While one can only enjoy the full force of our shindigs by actually attending, you can simulate the experience in your very own home! Just follow these party theme suggestions, drink recipes, and game instructions, and you'll be rocking like the Gargoyle! At the very least, you'll be a man who died trying.

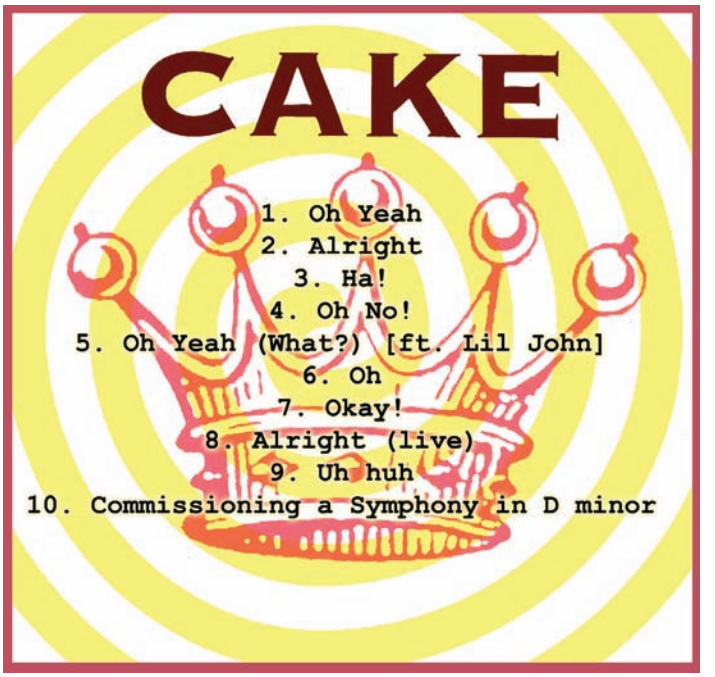
Drinking Games!

Liqueur is Quickeur
Watch *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* and take a drink of any crème liqueur of your choice when candy appears on the screen.

Drink-Drink-Pass
You drink, drink, and then pass.

Cake Time
Play any Cake album of your choice. Drink a shot of any hard liquor of your choice whenever you hear the words "Oh yeah," "Oh no," or "Alright."

Shot Koller
Named after a Slovakian immigrant, race to see who can suck liquor out of an ice cube tray the fastest using a straw.



Theme Parties!

Party-In-Your-Pants Party

Inform your guests that you are hosting a 'sweatpants' party. Prepare enough Jungle Juice to serve all your guests throughout the night. Before the guests arrive, make sure you crush and add multiple packs of Viagra to the Jungle Juice! Provide your guests with an uncomfortably small room with no sitting space, and watch your guests rise to the occasion.

Alone Party

This sort of party works best in smaller groups. Provide each guest with a room, or a single corner of a large room. Instruct the guests to drink heavily while keeping social interaction during the party to a bare minimum.

Piñata Party

This party requires a very large group of people. Prior to the main event, make sure that your guests are nice and sloshed. When this is accomplished, provide each guest with an aluminum bat and a blindfold. Tell your guests that a piñata is hidden somewhere in the house, and the guests must find and destroy it while blindfolded. To assist in the game, the piñata will be near a tape recorder playing ambient sounds of Ann Arbor, such as the sound of cars driving by, footsteps, and voices. Leave the front door open for a more invigorating experience.

Drink List!

There are two things we are good at here at the Gargoyle: comedy and drinking (we're practicing our smoking, but we're still somewhat amateurish). In the sprit of the New Year, consider trying some of these delightful concoctions, courtesy of the Gargoyle staffers.

Princeton Tie Rack

Domestic cognac and bitters sucked out of an undone bowtie.

Margaret Thatcher's Rage

An 8 oz. glass of cold vermouth that Margaret Thatcher has been glaring at for half an hour. Her hatred will make this the smoothest vermouth you'll ever drink.

Breast Man

1½ oz. tequila, ¾ oz. red wine, ¾ oz. peach schnapps, ¾ oz. milk. Shake contents with ice, pour into a cocktail glass and garnish with an unlit cigarette. Using Vitamin D makes a "D cup", skim makes an "Itty Bitty Titty", and real breast milk gives you a "Stephenson" (the origins of this name are too graphic for print media).

The Tit-Slide

Any two domestic beers bonged using a copy of "Hustler," "Juggs," or "Size-D" magazine as the funnel.

The Real Three Mile Island Iced Tea

1 oz. Seagram's Gin, 1 oz. Smirnoff Vodka, 1 oz. Captain Morgan's Tattoo, 1 oz. Patron Tequila, ½ oz. Southern Comfort, 1 ½ oz sour mix. Blend with a magnetic spinbar and garnish with 5 ml of 50 μM Radium 223 isotope. Serve in Erlenmeyer flask.

Gratuitous Nudity

Four shots of vodka taken at once, followed by three years of shame.

Hard-as-Coffin-Nails Cider

Combine 4 oz. unpasteurized apple cider with 1½ oz. Tequila, 1½ oz. rum, and 1 oz. mineral spirits in a plastic cup. Enjoy a variety of hallucinations during the resultant ambulance ride.

Confused Mormon

12 oz. sparkling grape juice spiked with Bombay Sapphire.

Communist Superstar

Pour 6 oz. Stolichnaya Vodka over 1-inch cubes of Russian Rye Bread, stir in 2 oz. pond water as you curse the capitalist pigs that bombed the Water Treatment Plant.

Gangster's Pinky Ring (also known as "Redman's Delight")

Equal parts Hpnotiq and English Black Tea.

Conditional Drinks

Some drinks are about taste, and some are about experience; these drinks are the best of both.

Burnt Cardigan

Drink a shot of Hot Damn! 100 proof as an over-eager postmaster breaks into your house.

Qdoba Cavalier

Drink a forty of Mickey's Ice in a Qdoba bathroom. Vomit optional.

Bowling for Mason Proper

By Zack Beauvais and Cathy Fisher
Thanks to Adrian Choy, Gail McCormick, and Stuart VandenBrink

Popular Ann Arbor-based band Mason Proper has taken a lot of important steps towards entering the pantheon of music greats. They moved here from their native land of Alpena – best known for the appearance of its airport in Die Hard II: Die Harder and as the home of presidential assassin Leon Czolgosz and the world's largest strawberry pie. They got signed to a record label, which permits them to now travel by plane rather than janky ol' van. They even wrote some songs. Most importantly, they agreed to spend an evening with the Gargoyle. The pretext for the meeting was an alleged interview though we decided to give them a night they would remember. Our initial ideas were to fly kites, do masonry, build papier mâché hats for them to wear in concert, or to go bowling. The first three ideas were rejected as being too weather-dependent, impractical, and wrapped up in certain staff members' papier mâché fetishes, respectively. So we went bowling.

Gargoyle's love affair with Mason Proper is both long and complicated. Several of the grittier details will be left to the reader's imagination. A contingent of staffers has been present at nearly every Ann Arbor Mason Proper concert for the last four years, occupying the same mirrored corner of the Blind Pig for every miraculously vibrant show. Multiple staff members loyally follow their blog, often quoting passages about "throat bumps" and "Blake," Rockefeller Center's greatest ice skater. We have held crushes, both platonic and otherwise, on various members of the band; and we collectively own their full discography on CD and vinyl. Although keyboardist Matt Thomson is a Garg alum, the current staff's direct contact with the band has been limited to a few creepy text messages sent anonymously to lead singer Jonathan Visger and a shared omelet with Matt following a show. Both events were spent in awe-struck admiration. Rumors about the band had always circulated like "Those guys are bad news," "One of them killed their first drummer," "Mason Proper works for the Reds," or "Matt used to play keyboard for Pablo Escobar." We didn't believe a word of it…until that night.

The evening began when Jonathan Visger and Brian Konicek, Mason Proper's guitarist, arrived punctually at our office at 7:00. These were men accustomed to being places on time. They reported that Matt would meet us at the alley. Drummer Garret Jones and bassist Zac Fineberg were unable to make the event. After some confusion and customary watch-synchronization, the group separated and departed for Colonial Lanes. Gargoyle's crack interviewer, Zack Beauvais, rode with Jonathan, giving him a prime opportunity to start asking the tough questions he had prepared for the interview.

I stepped into Jon's Ford Taurus, vastly underprepared for an interview. Jon informed me that he had spent most of the day answering questions in telephone interviews by various papers around the state. The interviews were to publicize a number of concerts they had planned around the

The Gargoyle always keeps a watchful eye out for money-making opportunities. During our interview with Mason Proper, we came up with a couple bona-fide cash-cow pitches for Mason Proper TV shows. Check them out on the following pages.

state before going on tour. All of them asked him the same exact questions: "How did you get your name?" and "What genre would you classify your music as?" None of them knew nothing about the band. I quickly threw out half of my prepared questions, and asked Jon about my favorite song, "Friendship." It starts with the line: "I froze my hands, broke my fingers off, gave them to my friends as a gift 'cause a rift has formed between us. I froze my hands, broke my fingers off, gave them to my friends as a gift but two of them were misinterpreted." I asked him if the lyrics in the song were true. Jon smiled, held up his hands and waved his fingers. He lowered his head and I thought I heard him mumble, "I wish I had gone through with it." I immediately regretted the question. He lifted his head and explained that the lyrics and the music had been written independent of one another. "One day, the band started playing the music and I jumped in and it fit."

Before arriving at the bowling alley, Jon told me a story about moving a piano with four very large men. One of the very large men, who had an infected lung, had recently been in a road rage-related fight with a much smaller man. The short driver got out of his car and punched the very large man in his infected lung. This angered the large man, causing him to knock the short guy out cold.

Jon added that he was especially bad at moving pianos, though he had moved many of them, "My job is to make sure it doesn't tip. There is no reason for me to even help." He delivered that statement with a surprising pain, as he sighed. I compared his piano moving exploits with my own pool table-moving stories, trying to cheer him up, but the man was blue through and through.

We all arrived at the alley and found out to our dismay that it was a league night and completely packed. We reconnoitered, made a few quick calls, and decided to pick up Matt Thomson and proceed to Bel-Mark Lanes on Jackson Road. The adventure's plot thickened.

When we arrived at Matt's house I was slightly disappointed to find that Mason Proper did not, in fact, live in a grass-carpeted apartment à la the Beatles in Help. Jon and Matt discussed a few points of band business, though it sounded suspiciously like it was spoken in code.

"The falcon has finished its gig, the shipment will arrive at the drums sometime next Tuesday. Tell Pancho there is a cash bar in the club." Quickly changing the subject, Jon pointed out to me that Matt had bowled competitively in high school.

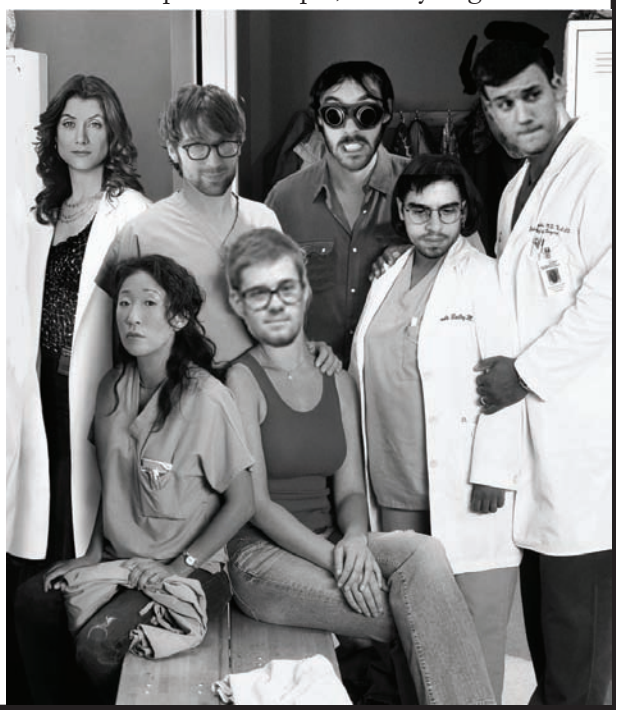
We got turned around a few times on the ride before arriving at the second alley. Noting the various men in black trench coats riding in the cars around us and Jon's erratic driving, I began to get an eerie sense that we were being followed. At 7:39 pm, Matt saw a shooting star out the car window. Jon was convinced it was a helicopter.

IIII

Pitch 2: Sexy Medical Drama

Potential Titles: "Mason Doctors," "Dr. Proper," "Mason Proper, M.D.," "Grey's Anatomy," or "Mason General"

Synopsis: The members of famed indie rock combo, Mason Proper, are in fact medical interns at a major teaching hospital. Brian Konicek is the renegade doctor. A bastard with a heart of gold, he is willing to risk it all to save a life and never afraid to butt a few heads along the way. Jonathan Visger is the hot shot surgeon. Fast times and fast women, Jon lives life on the edge. His wits are as sharp as his scalpel, but if you get in his way he will be sure to cut you down. Matt Thomson is the OB-GYN. A loveable and affable slacker, Matt delivers babies like he delivers punch lines, slow and methodical. Zac Fineberg and Garrett Jones play all other roles in the supporting cast including but not limited to: sassy Black nurse, feisty Latina nurse, disgruntled chief of medicine, bumbling security guards, and wise local bartender.



over papers filled with important transaction records? Was one of them eating a grilled ham and cheese sandwich? Yes. Yes to everything. It was perfect.

Brian suggested that we play as a competition: Mason Proper vs. the Gargoyle. His cutthroat nature became evident right away. We would compare the average score of each team after the first game. Matt took to the lane first, raised his ball, and smoothly strode to the line finishing with a perfect hook-release. He threw a strike with the first ball. Brian Konicek was up next for Mason Proper. The screen read Cryin Bonicek. It took us a while to figure out where he got the nickname. It worked better for him than it would have for Vonathon Jisger. Brian rolled a respectable nine on his first ball and left an open frame.

"I like how in bowling you have to immediately turn around and face your shame." He grinned, suggesting there was an untold story about the last person who shamed him where only one person lived to tell it.

Jon asked Matt for tips then bowled third for the band, rolling a similar nine, zero on his first frame. It soon became clear that Team Proper (or Mason Team, or Bowling Proper) was far better at bowling than Team Gargoyle. In an effort to put them off their game, we decided to ask them some even tougher questions.

I started with a hypothetical to ease them in, asking if, were they ever to start a band, what it would be named.

"I would never start a band. It's a bad idea." Jonathan responded angrily. He paused, steaming. "But if we ever did start a band… no, I would never start a band!" I had gotten under his skin. It was a calculated effort based on the well-known fact that musicians all hate starting bands.

In the week leading up to the interview, we realized that none of us knew about PCP, what it did, or how to use it. I naturally asked the three most street smart men we could think of. As soon as I asked, Matt eagerly responded, "You mean Angel Dust?" Jon filled in the details.

"Possibly you smoke it. It gives you superhuman strength and ability. It's an amphetamine, so it … supercharges you." I could not tell if he spoke out of experience, as rockers are known to do. Matt and Jon's thinly veiled lack of knowledge and coy responses suggested there may be more to this story than they let on. The real lives of these men remain an enigma to even their most avid listeners. Could they be spies, laying low and posing as a visionary band? Could they be agents of an underground, international PCP ring as many of their songs suggest? I pressed on with the interview to try and find out.

"If you could be an event in a strong man competition, what would you be?" Brian took the bait and answered first.

"If I could embody the event? I like the one where they hurl the beer kegs over the wall. That's really dangerous, more so than the other ones. I would be that one." Brian's answer sent chills down the spines of Team Gargoyle. One look in his eyes and his nice-guy persona revealed itself to be a fabrication.

I asked the same question to Matt as he approached the lane. "Before I bowl, huh? Where they heave the pianos

up into the warehouse." Immediately after answering, Matt rolled a strike – the perfect distraction to keep us from analyzing his answer. Well played.

Jon rounded out the band, answering, "Bus pushing. Just bus pushing. It's my dream actually." A tear rolled down his cheek, the manifestation of a dream deferred. I left Jon alone with his thoughts for the time being.

As a future rock icon, I was sure Matt Thomson would some day have his pick of celebrity women to take as lovers. I felt he should be prepared for when that day comes. To summarize his answers: Connie Chung, no; J. K. Rowling, yes; Betty White circa Golden Girls, no; Neil Armstrong, no; Joan Jett, absolutely; Jackie Kennedy Onassis, yes. He was unsure about Betty Ford and laughed at the prospect of Eleanor Roosevelt, "She had power? She had teeth, too… big horse teeth."

I was dumbfounded. What kind of man would turn down an American hero like Neil and two registered foxes like Eleanor and Connie? I was convinced he had a heart of stone and a libido of ice.

I needed more clues. I needed to know about the mysterious place that gave rise to these men. A place shrouded in mystery and violence: Alpena.

"Does Alpena really have an indie scene, or a music scene, beyond you guys?" I asked.

Brian answered. "First of all, I am always surprised how much people are enthralled with Alpena. It seems a lot of people ask me about it. It's strange, I don't think a lot of people know about it. But, no. It did when we were growing up and in high school and before that, but now their aren't any other bands." Mason Proper had obviously decided to eliminate any potential rivals. Like any cool, calculated assassins, they did not take any chances.

"I think kids just do PCP now. That's it. There really is nothing up there. It's really sad, I don't know what kids do now." Matt showed concern, but it was just a façade. The discerning reader may ask, where do they get that PCP? Good question.

Jon rejoined the group, fresh off a good cry. I asked him if there was a band that Mason Proper considered its rival or enemy.

"Yes, but we can't tell you who it is…There is a part of me that [wants to], but we just can't." After thorough research, the Gargoyle posits that their rival band is probably Rush.

The topic of conversation switched to manners following a question sent via text from longtime fan, Anna James. She asked, "How proper is Mason Proper? Did they go to etiquette school?"

Jon responded first, "I would like to believe I am pretty proper. Yeah, I am suitable for any kind of event. Formal ball? I can handle it. Football game? Can handle it, but it's not really a manners kind of situation. I guess if someone were really watching closely, I would be considered a polite person at a football game." Matt replied that he was not polite at all. We agreed with his assessment, the dirty PCP slinger.

Next, I inquired about the other members of the band, the ones who had snubbed us. I asked Jon if he, Matt, and Brian were more polite than the absent members, Garret Jones and Zac Fineberg.

"Yeah, I'd say we are. They are the least polite. That's why they aren't here. They are by far the least polite."

"Does that show up when you are on stage? Like with hecklers? 'Hey, two of you suck!'"

As if yelling into a crowd, Jon cried out, "You're so impolite! We heard about you." Jon was momentarily distracted from our conversation on manners when he saw a certain Gargoyle staffer bolt up to the lane and pitch a speeding ball towards a violent collision with ten maple pins. "I've never seen anyone bowl like you. I've only seen a handful of people bowl. It's not like I've seen of lot of bowlers, but out of the twenty I've seen. I've seen a lot of movies about bowling, though."

"PCP is like how you bowl. But not as intense," Matt added helpfully.

Matt got his first Velvet Surprise (four strikes in a row). Thereafter, Team Gargoyle pretty much abandoned all hope of winning and put most of its effort into getting stuffed animals out of the claw game and surreptitiously recording footage of the Men Doing Business. Despite Gargoyle's best efforts and a Velvet Surprise of its own, our four-person average score of 91 did not compare favorably to Mason Proper's three-man average of 114. Mason Proper won the day. We awarded each of them a claw-game stuffed animal for their achievement. We continued to talk about hipster eyeglass fashion, Alpena history, and tried to let them in on an ill-conceived inside joke about a Yamaha Trumpet Car. When the evening was finished, the men of Mason Proper left us feeling dirty, scared, and confused.

Check out some secret video footage of the Garg's interview with Mason Proper at our website: http://www.gargmag.com/

Stem Cells...*Friend or Foe?*

By David Faulkner

A doctor at a scene of violence. He has his hands on a man's bloody torso, and is yelling into a cell phone.

DOCTOR
Pierson! I need some stem cells now! I used up the last three cans on the other trauma victims and I've got a coronary here!

Back in laboratory, Pierson is racing to open a fridge.

PIERSON
I can't just throw them to you, Doc! You're in Korea, I'm in Kansas! It's out of the question!

Doctor searches through debris.

DOCTOR
No! I won't lose another one!

Close up of the doctor's expression. His eyes are narrowed and has a look of extreme intensity.

DOCTOR
Not again.

Doctor continues searching debris.

DOCTOR
There's got to be something here! There's got to be a way!

The doctor finds a fax machine and a laptop, opens the computer.

DOCTOR
I've found a computer—fax them to me. I need to re-grow this man's heart!

PIERSON *(via cell phone)*
The fax machine's broken! I'm going to have to e-mail them to you.

Zoom on laptop screen: Yahoo! Mail is open to an email with an attachment "stem_Cells.docx"

Pierson fumbles with the phone. We hear the doctor's frantic voice shouting out of it. Pierson is standing next to a computer desk with a scanner. The scanner has a can of stem cells under the lid.

DOCTOR *(through phone)*
Damn it, Pierson, this computer can't open .docx files!

PIERSON
Does the computer have speakers?

DOCTOR *(through phone)*
Stem cells lose fidelity as mp3s! You know that!

PIERSON
What choice do we have?

Over the shoulder of the doctor looking back at his patient on the ground.

DOCTOR
Fine. Send them. I just hope to God we're not too late.

Close up on computer screen and a picture of a canister of stem cells in iTunes.

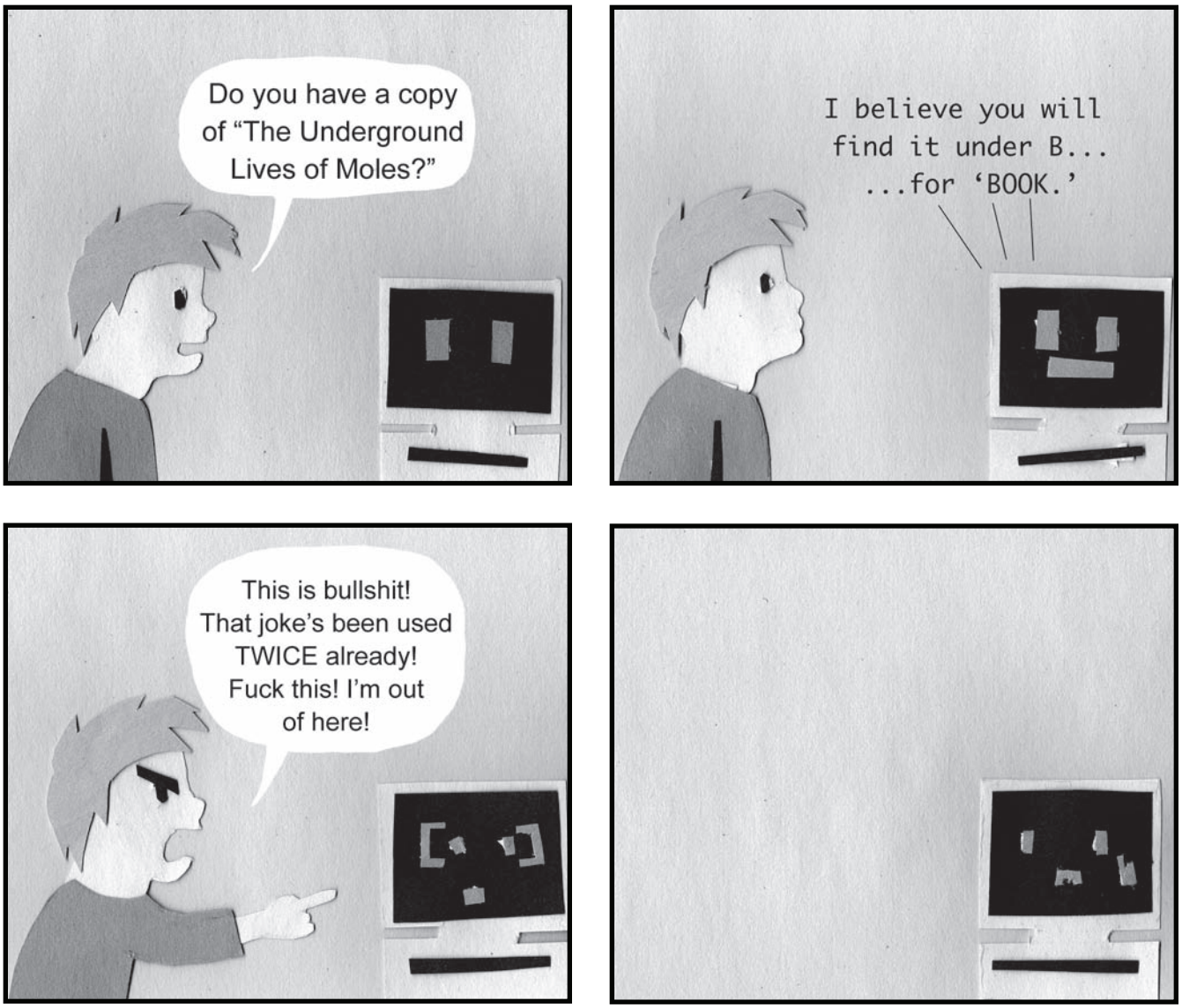
The doctor slams the laptop display onto patient's chest; music and steam emits from both sides of the laptop.

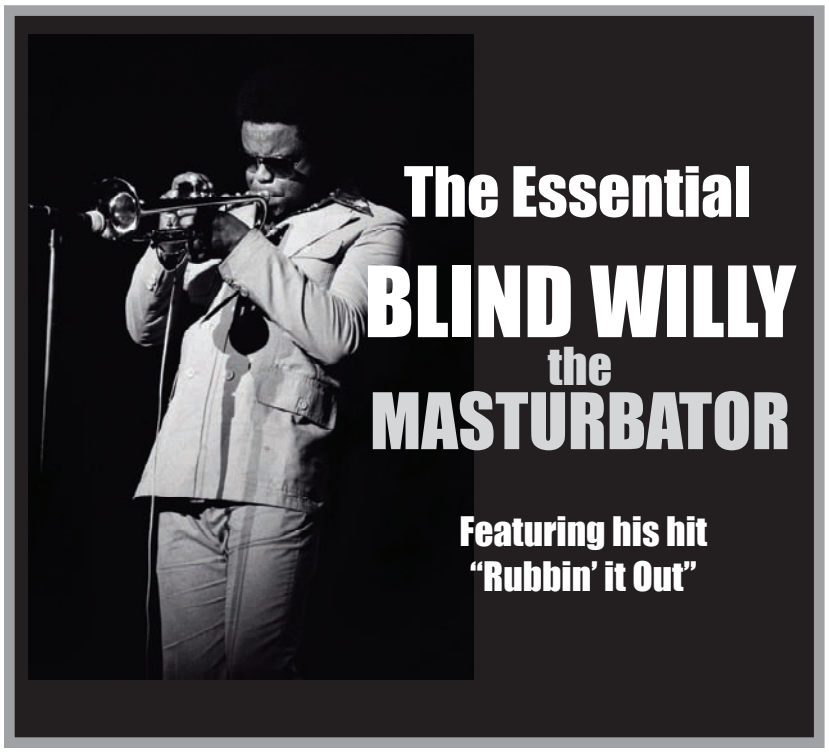
DOCTOR
Live, damn it! Live!

The doctor pulls back as a leg erupts from the chest cavity, nearly kicking him in the face.

Medium shot of the doctor on his knees, shaking his fists at the sky. The patient can be seen off to the side, flopping around as more limbs erupt from his body.

DOCTOR
Nooooo!


Do you have a copy of "The Underground Lives of Moles?"
I believe you will find it under B... ...for 'BOOK.'
This is bullshit! That joke's been used TWICE already! Fuck this! I'm out of here!



Dear Readers,

The Gargoyle would like to take this opportunity to announce our official endorsement of Sen. Barack Obama for the position of President of the United States. We feel that at this point, he has adequately demonstrated that the country is willing to follow his guidance in the coming four years and proved his viability as an American president.

Sincerely,
The Editors

IN HELL, WE CALL IT SODA!
Tab